

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, Feb. 15, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

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Entered at the post office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

THE Bar Association approved the Senate Bill No. 44, providing for the examination of applicants for license to practice law.

THE editor of the *Intelligencer*, Mr. C. B. Hart, was severely denounced by many Republicans for some of his scathing denunciations of Speaker Edwards' course on the school book question. An effort was made to debar him the privilege of the house.

DR. J. P. MOOMAU, the efficient delegate from Pocahontas County, is one of the very few Democrats who have been called to preside temporarily over the West Virginia House of Delegates during the present session. We happened to drop into the House last Thursday while Dr. Moomau was in the Chair, and were impressed by the grace and ability with which he wielded the gavel. The Doctor is a faithful representative of broad usefulness, and Pocahontas has every reason to be proud of him.—*Monroe Watchman*.

MANY have claimed to see the downfall of the nation in the labor troubles, the trusts, the corruption of the ballot, the obstinacy of Congress, and many like signs, but nothing affected our spirits as much as the late agitation of the right of women suffrage among the women of Virginia. We are used to hearing our northern sisters cry out that they are oppressed by taxation without representation, but now this very term is used in our midst. Evidently there is nothing as progressive as the woman. Give them an inch and they want an ell. The Southern gentlemen have placed their women on a higher and more sacred plane, and it is women's grateful duty to be worthy of it. To a man whose love of home and family is the strongest hope of salvation, the idea of a woman meddling in politics is repulsive as threatening to destroy the one tie that binds him to better things. The agitators of women suffrage who are pure in their motives and working for what they consider right, can have never realized the baneful influence of what is known as politics exercise on those engrossed in the fight for power. Since the world began the power of ruling has been most attractive to the worst class of men. The vilest of the vile will ever be found in such a fight, and the best man who ever ran for an office was only too glad if they supported him. The women do not wish to supplant this heterogeneous mass, but to join it. Rather than expose our women to fight with or against such rabble it would be better to give them the sole power, which all must acknowledge as eminently ridiculous. "Emancipation of women" is a silly term, for long ago the chivalry of the English speaking race made them to occupy a place in their hearts far above and beyond a state of emancipation, and noblesse oblige demands that women shall keep clear of the polluted cesspool of politics. Women of Virginia, you had better continue to be mothers of the little presidents at home, than to try to place a bloated, bald-headed old rascal in the Presidential chair, to be the butt end of every vile paragraph in a dirty newspaper!

The Legislature.

It is quite remarkable that the matter which caused more comment, according to the *Wheeling Intelligencer*, than any thing else that has come up, was the question of grammars in the public schools. To begin with, two counties had expressed themselves as being prejudiced against Harvey's grammars, while the twenty others heard from had desired that no change be made. The book company which publishes Hyde's grammar tried to railroad the bill adopting that book through the House, causing a change to be made amounting to at least \$40,000. Prominent Republican members boldly affirm that other Republican members had been corrupted. An amendment was offered to the bill reported back from the committee reinstating Harvey's instead of Hyde's grammar. Animated speeches followed, more or less grammatical. The vote was put and the amendment carried. Then Speaker Edwards showed the cloven foot. He adjourned the House before the vote could be announced. The *Wheeling Intelligencer* says, "He took the House by the scruff of the neck and threw it out of the hall." The next day the blue ruin and bloody murder raised on account of it, principally by Delegate Evans from Martinsburg. The vote was retaken and was not materially changed. A reconsideration was moved, but the members are awake and the lobbying book company had as well go home. This fight was followed by a war against "Dole's Civil Government," published by the same company, on the grounds that it advocates free trade, and therefore partisan. Speaker Edwards is in an unenviable position in regard to this question.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Feb. 4.—"Prof. W. H. Wiley, professor of law at the W. Va. University, left for Charlestown to-day to urge the passage of a bill which has been prepared by the State Bar Association, which has for its aim the preventing of quack lawyers from practicing in this State. The present statute permits any one to practice who passes an easy examination in Blackstone, but the law which the Bar Association would have passed greatly enlarges the requirement. It provides that an applicant shall announce his intention of entering the profession and pursue a two-years' course of study. He then must apply to the Supreme Court of the State for a license, which will be granted only after he has passed a rigid examination."

Bills pertaining to dumb animals are not wanting. "Bills are pending before it for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and he class them, one and all, as false, faithless and cruel."

At 6 o'clock we returned to the shop. Octave entered alone and I walked up and down the property for the preservation of skunks, and all are receiving due consideration."

Elkins replies through the press that he is not interested in the State Debt matter, as has been charged by Congressman Capehart. He had better have his vassals leave the subject alone then.

The most effective argument which is used in the Legislature is "If we pass this bill we cannot carry the State in 1896." It has a magical effect.

A bill has been passed by the House excluding the prosecuting attorney from the grand jury room while evidence is being taken.

Let any man once show the world that he feels
Afraid of its bark and 'twill fly at his heels;
Let him fearlessly face it, 'twill leave him alone;
But 'twill fawn at his feet if he flings it a bone.

—Owen Meredith.

Sweet Alice Up to Date.

From the *Indianapolis Journal*.
Oh, do you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bell,
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown?
It has changed to a hydrogen blonde,
I am told.
Since sweet Alice moved into town.

The Cold Wave.

The cold weather of last Friday, Saturday, and Sunday is almost without a rival in all the cold times this country has ever had. The cold wind which blew unceasingly during this time is what made it particularly hard to bear. The lowest temperature reached at this point was 20 degrees below zero. It is to be hoped that the winter has reached its grand climacteric. For seven weeks the ground has been covered with snow. During this time a foot thick has been swept from the river by freshets, and the river is frozen up solid again. Last year, during these weeks, butterflies, bees, and grasshoppers were to be seen; rose bushes put forth leaves and dandelions bloomed; and people sat out of doors in the warm afternoons.

Horse Frozen.

The mail carrier crossing from Travelers' Repose to Huttonsville, over Cheat Mountain, had his horse frozen to death last Friday. He was ascending the mountain from the Randolph side when his horse floundered into a snow-drift. The carrier went on walking. As soon as he came to a house, he obtained help and went back to shovel his horse out. The animal was heated, no doubt, for by the time they got it extricated it was so chilled that it was too stiff to walk, and died soon afterwards.

MINGO makes the number of counties in West Virginia fifty-five. It is about half as large as Pocahontas, and contains about as many people. It has a railroad, the Norfolk and Western, and its county-seat is a town of about four hundred people. There was a fight for the county-seat, which is Williamson, the Democratic town against Long's Bottom, a Republican town. The Democrats and Republicans united in their desire to form a new county; the one wished to call it Kenna, and the other Garfield. They compromised on Mingo, the name of the tribe of Indians of which Logan was chief. The territory is rich in natural resources. It takes away the business portion of Logan County, and relegates it once more to a quiet and retired position from the world. The new county is on the Kentucky border.

CHINA had her navy swept from the face of the great deep by the last engagement with the Japanese. Admiral McGiffin, of Pennsylvania, and graduate of the Washington and Jefferson College of Western Pennsylvania, was in command of one of the Chinese ships, and went down in it.

THE White Sulphur Springs are leased to Messrs. Eubank and Glover, of the Warm Springs, for three years with the privilege of five, and will be opened next summer. Of late years, this great watering place has not been a source of revenue to its proprietors.

MORGANTOWN relies for light and fuel principally on the supply of natural gas. A recent breaking of the gas main left the town in darkness and cold during one of the severest storms of the winter.

MUCH suffering and distress has been caused among the poor this severe winter. It is not limited to any one portion of the nation, but extends over all the States.

THE thermometer has been as low as sixty-five degrees below zero this month in the northern part of the United States.

WAYNE is to lose her criminal court. It would be well if all criminal courts were abolished.

THIS winter will be remembered long for the losses by shipwreck.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to settle on my next call or give me property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,

R. K. BURNS,
Deputy-Sheriff.

The same as to me,
J. C. ARBOGAST, S. P. C.

C. B. SWECKER,
General Auctioneer
and Real Estate Agent.

Real Estate, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished. Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va.; or Alexandria, W. Va.

Bargains! Bargains!

ON FEBRUARY 1ST

I WILL BEGIN TO CLOSE OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK OF
WINTER GOODS FOR ACTUAL COST, For Cash.

Come in and get goods in price lower than you have ever seen them. Clothing, Overcoats, Boots, Shoes, Men's Woolen Shirts, Blankets, Dress Goods, in fact every thing you need.

THESE GOODS

Must Be Closed Out

BEFORE MY SPRING STOCK COMES IN.

—I MEAN BUSINESS—

And will convince you that my prices are lower than you can buy elsewhere in the county.

VERY TRULY YOURS

MARLINTON, W. VA.

S. W. HOLT.

For Sale.

I wish to sell my farm 3 1/2 miles from Marlinton on Greenbrier River, this County. This farm is well adapted to farming or grazing. About 80 acres improved and about 270 acres unimproved; a greater part of this is finely timbered with oak and hemlock.

Title indisputable. Price and terms reasonable. A good bargain offered. For further particulars call on or address URIAH BIRD, Marlinton, W. Va.

ROOFING

Tin, Iron, Steel, Felt Roofing, with trimmings; and tools to lead, or tools to keep. Can be laid by anybody; shipped everywhere.

PAINT

red and black, for metallic roofing. Creosote Preservative for shingles, posts and wood work.

LADGE R

that shorten or lengthen for tinners, carpenters, fruit growers, etc.

PAPER

heavy building, for sheathing, lining rooms and floors

PRICE

low. Circulars and quotations by addressing,

WM. A. LIST & CO.,
Wheeling, W. Va.

Peerless Feed Grinder.

It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. References, R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, Wm. Callison, and J. H. McNeel, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties. Right sold in one day. For particulars, write to

R. M. BEARD,
Academy, W. Va. 1256m

J. A. SHARP & CO.

—Have Established a Firstclass—

Harness and Saddlery
Store and Shop.

—AT—

MARLINTON, W. VA.
Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of
HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.
At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

Is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on shortest notice.

Successors of G. F. Crummett, who is employed by the firm.

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.

Terms.

per day . . . 1.00
per meal . . . 25
lodging . . . 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

Looking Backward

—MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME,—

But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this county will all have become convinced that at my establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line than anywhere else in the county.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.

—YOU MUST EAT!—

Since it is a self evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of

GENERAL GROCERIES.

CAREFUL SELECTION, PURE GOODS,
REASONABLE PRICES

—APPEAL TO YOUR—

REASON

POCKET

HEALTH

{ West End
of Bridge }

P. GOLDEN,
Marlinton, W. Va.

HOME NEWS

—William Wymer, of Upshur, who was sent from this county to the penitentiary for horse stealing, died at Moundsville recently.

—Nearly all of the papers in the State got out a ground-hog issue last week, one of the calamities brought on by the day.

—Dr. J. W. Price bought the Hevner lot, sold at auction last Saturday, for \$40. The lot contains two acres. He will put up some buildings on it soon.

—One of the citizens of this town preserves this sort of a letter: "Dear Sir, I would like to buy your horse, and will give you \$115 for it. P. S. If you will not take \$115, I will give you \$125."

The skating has been better than good and this town has quite an array of skaters. George Hart, who was raised on the Monongahela River, is considered the best man with skates seen hereabouts.

—The mails were practically stopped for three days. It was four days, including Sunday, that we failed to receive any railroad mail. Reports say that the trains on the C. & O. were stopped by the drifts.

—Several sled teams have been busy hauling sand for the courthouse, the past few days. These teams came in last week with several tons of cement, and there is a good deal more to follow.

—The ice will have an other try at the boom at Ronceverte. The ice now on the river is the clearest and purest formed this winter, and there is little or no snow-ice in its composition. Hence when it does break it will be most dangerous.

—Direct your steps toward S. W. Holt's when you come to Marlinton and you will find on his counters bargains that will make you open your eyes, hold up your head, and go down in your pocket. This is straight goods.

—An eagle came down and set on a fence, near Mr. Levi Gay's, one of the cold mornings of last week. A pistol shot was fired at it, at which it took flight. Had there been a gun near, it could easily have been killed, as it was very easy to approach it.

—Here is an example worth of any one's consideration: "How many of each animal can a man buy for \$100, and have 100 head of all; buying hogs at 50 cents, sheep at \$3.00, and cows at \$10.00?" All answers must be accompanied by the solution.

—A Rockingham Dutchman was asked what breed of hogs he kept. "I will show you presently," he replied. Upon coming to a well filled corner, his eye twinkled, and his ample features lightened up, and pointing to it said, "That, my friend, is my breed of hocks!"

—The County Court has a good opportunity to test the new jail. If Alex. Armstrong does not break out the jail may be considered reasonably safe. It would be better, though, to get Ham Collins to try to break out then we would have it tested thoroughly. If Armstrong gnaws out the jail will hardly be taken off the contractors' hands.

—Jim Herold, Esq., who moved from this county a few years back, is now engaged as a lumber jobber for the West Virginia and Pittsburgh Railway Company. It is reported that he has made a lot of money, and that he has just secured a contract to put in 5,000,000 feet, at a rate that makes it the best paying contract let by the company this season.

—The examinations given in Prof. Wyson's department of the Marlinton Academy were passed by a goodly number of the students and some very gratifying marks were made. The teacher thought it proper to announce as distinguished those who made a combined mark of 85 per cent. on each branch. The following have been given distinctions: In Latin, Dennis McNeill; in English Literature, Miss Mollie Smith; in German, Edward Holt; in Primary Arithmetic, Fred McLaughlin and William Holt. The scholarship medal given to that pupil who made the best average was won by Master William Holt.

—When a road drifts full of snow, or a tree falls across it, or a rock rolls into the roadbed, or any thing whatever obstructs the passage of travel, it is the duty of the overseer and surveyor to open up such road for travel, and any one so disposed can make it pretty hot for such overseers as neglect to open up a blockaded road. The best plan, we think, is to call out some of the hands and let the time so employed count on their yearly assessment of four days work.

—A graded school for a session of 3 months has been gotten up at this place by Mr. Wyson, and will commence Monday, February 18th. All the free school branches will be taught, and in addition, several higher branches, including Latin, Geometry, History, Literature, etc. By the cooperation of the people this school can be made a success.

—Andy Campbell, the jovial glocky mail-carrier, does much to make things more lively along the route. He uses what may be termed a bob sleigh, with dog-cart body and shafts, which slides along most admirably on its two-foot runners. To his horse is attached a first class cow-bell, that kalang kalangs about right.

Personal.

Messrs. L. M. McClintic and Andrew Price are absent at Grafton on professional business.

Mr. Uriah Bird made a trip to Beverly during the cold snap, returning with a two-horse spring wagon. He is said to have traversed the road between Ming and Marlinton with his wagon at the time the mails were lying by on account of the drifts.

Messrs. Cox, Moore, and two Mayse brothers, from Rockingham County, Va., are here as carpenters on the courthouse.

The Messrs. Holt, who had started for Beverly to take the train for Baltimore, were compelled to return on account of the severity of the storm.

Mr. Charles E. Sutton is giving drawing lessons to various pupils at this place. Those under his instruction are making rapid advancement in the use of colors. He has headquarters at the Marlinton Hotel.

Ed. Rutledge has returned to wait for the drive. He has had constant employment in the lumber camps.

Ed. McLaughlin was down from Dunmore this week.

Mr. Harvey Manpin and wife are off to Green Bank, visiting friends and relatives.

Mr. John Wangh, formerly one of Pocahontas' most respected citizens, paid the county a visit this week. He is now living on the Dun Place, near Ronceverte, and is managing the place for its owner.

Something in Wood-carving.

Mr. J. Holmes Moore, of Virginia, who is stopping at Mr. C. A. Yeager's hotel, is engaged in carving many beautiful things on a walking stick, as a present to a friend. It is intended for a member of the order of Odd Fellows, and bears the following emblems: The handle is composed of a hand holding a bundle of sticks, representing strength in union; then follows representations of the ark of the covenant, the all-seeing eye, the ax, the links, the heart and hand, the scythe, the staff, the face of Thomas Wildly, the scales, hands breaking a single stick, the Bible, the word EZEKIEL. All of this is executed in the most artistic style. Then follows in the plainest of raised letters the words of presentation, and the whole of the Lord's Prayer. The stick is composed of apple and maple, and is the size of an ordinary walking-stick.

Locust News.

R. W. Beard, Esq., made a canvassing tour of the "Peerless Feed Mill" through the upper end of this county last week, with much success.

Mrs. Nannie Beard lost a valuable horse last Friday night, caused by a severe kick.

Mr. Frank Chapman is in this part now cleaning clocks, etc. He expects to do some barn repairing for E. M. Beard.

W. McClintic's hands passed through this place with a drove of cattle, last week. W. is a hustler.

X. Y. Z.

Hillsboro.

A COLD TIME.

We have weathered a good many storms, but that of last Thursday, Friday, and Saturday for whirling snow, cold cutting winds and general disagreeableness, capped the climax. All day Friday the mercury remained from 4 to 6° below zero, and complaints of frozen ears, fingers and toes were quite numerous. Unsheltered stock suffered terribly, and Mr. Wm. Burns' cows' feet and legs were badly swollen from the effects of the stinging cold.

A strong blast of wind, partly blew E. L. Beard & Co's awning down, driving a piece of the frame work through a window, breaking two large glass panes to atoms.

Nicholas Street looking north from E. L. Holt's store is completely blocked up with snow, and other roads in the neighborhood are in the same condition. The mail from Lewisburg failed to reach here on Friday and Saturday. The carrier reports that the roads were so filled up with snow that the Ronceverte and Lewisburg mails could not get through at any time. The storm has been one of unusual severity, checking business, and filling every one with apprehension as to the results in other parts of the country.

CORPORATION NEWS.

On Monday February 4th, the newly elected council met in regular session. Mayor Eskridge made some suggestions, which were well received. A resolution was passed requesting the mayor, sergeant and street commissioner to re-district the town. J. K. Bright, E. H. Moore and J. H. Clark were appointed to revise the Corporation ordinances. G. W. Callison, G. L. Clark and E. L. Holt were appointed for the auditing committee. E. L. Beard was appointed street commissioner, and J. D. Payne sergeant.

IMPROVEMENTS.

Among the improvements looked for in Hillsboro next spring or summer will be a new store building by Payne Bros. and one by E. H. Moore & Co. A postoffice building by C. W. Eskridge, and a new plank walk from the corner of the H. M. & F. Academy to G. W. Callison's.

A FARM SOLD.

Sam'l Wamsley has sold his farm (56 acres) lying three quarters of a mile east of town, to Oliver Auldridge, for \$300.

OTHER ITEMS.

We have a great deal of sickness in this neighborhood at present. Mr. S. H. Clark, who was in a very critical condition last week from impacted feces of the bowels, is now considered out of danger.

Our new Street Commissioner was out on last Monday, the 11th, with a force of hands tunneling through the snow drifts on Nicholas Street.

Messrs Robt. Keyser, Elisha Karnes and Miss Ella Williams, of Healing Springs, Virginia, are visiting friends near here.

Mrs. E. S. Shue wife of 'Trout' Shue, died very suddenly at her home near here, on last Monday morning the 11th. We haven't been able to learn the particulars of her death.

Green Bank.

Coldest for years the 8th and 9th inst, with a light snow and a very high wind, a man could stand to be out but a short time, and the mail froze out on Friday from Travelers' Repose and only got to this place.

Mr. E. M. Beard, of Academy, was in our burg one day last week.

Mr. Geo. Baxter, of Edray, was in this neighborhood last week surveying land for Mr. S. B. Hannah and others.

Mr. B. M. Yeager, of Huntersville, was surveying for J. W. Riley, J. T. Sutton and others last week.

Mr. J. H. Ralston, our popular blacksmith, made a flying trip to Virginia last week.

Mr. Frank McIlwhee, of Beverly, is visiting friends and relatives in Pocahontas at this time. He is in our village, but I won't tell on him.

THE MAIL BOY'S HORSE

The mailboy from Huttonsville to Travelers' Repose got in a snow drift, his horse fell and he could not get him out, he went to Cheat Camp and got help, but when they got back the horse's legs were frozen and could not stand and soon died frozen in the drift where the snow may lie until July the 4th, 1895.

Letter From the West.

BRIMFIELD IND.?

January 28th, 1895.

Dear Editor:—As my time has about expired for my dear old friend, the POCAHONTAS TIMES, I enclose another year's subscription, wishing it a successful and prosperous year. It is always welcome to its far western friends, as it gives us the news of our old home circle of friends and relatives. We receive it on Mondays and it lasts all week.

Stock is wintering well. Lambs bring a good price. Some lots have sold from \$5 to \$5 10 per hundred. They averaged 91lbs. A great many lambs are fed in this country. Hogs are worth from \$4 to \$4 1/2 gross; corn only 35c to 40c per bushel; wheat 48c; oats 30c. A great many farmers are feeding wheat to stock, as they think they can make more out of it by feeding it.

We have had a pleasant winter, with one week of good sleighing. The jingle of the sleigh bells was heard day and night while the snow lasted. We always fear our eastern storms. The wind got in the east last Thursday, blew up a little storm, and drove the thermometer down to 4° below zero on two nights, standing at about 10° above during the day. Before that we had only one cold night which was 8° below zero.

Mr. Lindsay has his home nicely furnished ready for house keeping. He thinks the time is long to see his better half, who is detained in her mountain home by the storm.

Miss Allie Cloonan, formerly of Pocahontas county, but who has spent the last two years in Missouri, is with us. She expects to spend 1895 in Indiana. She has a nice pleasant place to work, and we gladly welcome her.

Jake McClure is prospering finely with a good looking Hoosier wife and two little children. All are happy. I received a letter from Harry McLaughlin, who has a happy home in Missouri, and is making money. With kindest regard to all my friends, I am as ever yours.

JAKE McLAUGHLIN.

Married in the Storm.

Last Thursday, February 7th, on Dry Branch in this county, Mr. Granville Brady and Miss Emma Lindsay were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by Rev. Benj. Wilfong. The wind made it almost impossible to remain any length of time out of doors, as it was moving houses from their foundations that day, and blowing snow which blinded the eyes of the traveler. A number of guests, however, reached the home of the bride's father, and a handsome dinner was served. The next day by an effort the home of the bridegroom was reached, where the event was celebrated in a befitting style.

The Raven Rocks.

The Raven Rocks, on Wm. M. McAllister's farm, on Elk, is a great curiosity. Recent clearing has removed the obstruction that hitherto obscured the view from the turnpike, and they can now be seen from the road.

It is a very imposing sight. From a distance it appears to be a vast over hanging cliff, about seventy-five feet high on a high point. When visited the high cliff is found to be a detached portion of the cliffs, being separated from the rest of the mountain by a chasm of about three feet in width, which extends clear across its breadth, and is as deep as the cliff is high. It is said that in hacking recently, the workmen were afraid to cross this fissure, and for that reason did not deaden a few pine trees that grow on this top. As will be seen by this meager description, the rock is an immense body of stone detached with a base much smaller than the top.

When standing on the top, the tourist seems to be overhanging the very bottom of the deep valley below, the side of the mountain being very precipitous, and the rock shelving over so much. The place has been the home of wild-cats, which have full and undisputed possession of the caves and holes in the rock. Mr. Jas. Gibson, Jr., of Elk, some years ago was taken by surprise by a wild-cat here. His dogs were baying a wild-cat in one hole. Presently a cat came out of another hole beside the hunter, and jumped on the side of a tree. The unexpected appearance of the cat, rattled the hunter to that extent that he forgot he had a gun, and the cat ran away unhurt.

Jim Trotter's Famous Letter.

The recent cold snap and snow blockade in the mountains, which froze animals and at places intercepted travel, reminds a correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch of a famous letter from a Virginia mail contractor, written in 1859, which is said to have been framed by the authorities and hung in a conspicuous place in one of the offices of the Postoffice Department.

At that time, perhaps, one of the longest routes in the South was from Staunton to Parkersburg, W. Va., over the Staunton and Parkersburg turnpike, a distance of 252 miles, and James Trotter was the contractor, driving the old-fashioned stage coach, with its four horses, and having sufficient relays, which enabled him to make two trips a week. The tremendous snow drifts on Cheat Mountain in 1850 will never be forgotten. The tops of trees 75 and 80 feet tall were just visible in some of the deep hollows, and even on the adjacent farm lands live stock passed over fences from field to field, eating the tops off of fruit trees, down to the level of the snow crust.

The mail service on Trotter's line was, of course, at a standstill—a fact which was duly reported, but, the authorities, failing to realize the extent of the blockade, continued to annoy him about his failure to cross the mountain. Finally, we are told that, in a fit of passion, and with the hope of putting a stop to the goadings which were so galling to him, he wrote the following letter, which as already stated, is on record, neatly framed, in the department at Washington:

"If you were to knock out the gable-end of h—l and turn it loose on Cheat Mountain, it wouldn't generate steam enough in six months to open up the snow-drifts."

Hon. Wm. L. Wilson.

Five years ago the progressive debating society of Swago, elected Hon. Wm. L. Wilson an honorary member of their society. He replied by the following letter of thanks, taken from the old file in this office:

CHARLESTON, W. VA., Nov. 25th 1889.—Messrs N. C. McNeill Pres., and G. H. Overholt Cor. Secretary: I have received yours of Nov. 19th, informing me that I have been elected an honorary member of the Copernican Literary Society of W. Va. Please accept for your Society my acknowledgments of their flattering remembrance and assure them of my hearty good wishes for the Society's prosperity and usefulness.

Very truly yours,

WM. L. WILSON.

When Congress Adjourns.

Thar'll be joy in this country when Congress adjourns—
When Congress adjourns, Adjourns!
That lane is the longest that never makes turns—
That never makes turns, Makes turns!

Thar'll be joy on the hilltop and joy on the plain,
An' joy in the sunshine, an' joy in the rain;
So keep up your courage, an' wait fer the train,
When Congress adjourns, Adjourns!

Thar'll be joy in this country when Congress adjourns—
When Congress adjourns, Adjourns!
We'll settle the bill fer the gas that it burns—
Fer the gas that it burns, It burns!

Thar'll be joy in the country an' joy in the town,
An' joy will go skeetin' an' flyin' all round;
Three cheers an' a tiger from Billville to Brown—
When Congress adjourns, Adjourns!

—Atlanta Constitution.

"RABBI, who is happier, the man who owns a million dollars or he who has seven daughters?"
"The one with many daughters."
"Why so?"
"He who has a million dollars wishes for more—the man who has seven daughters does not."

Special Offer.

We have made arrangements with the *Copernican* Press, published at Nashville, Tenn., whereby we can furnish the POCAHONTAS TIMES and the *Copernican* at the exceedingly low rate of \$1.50 for both papers. Every old soldier and every one else in the county should take advantage of this offer to secure this handsomely illustrated magazine at so low a price. The *Copernican* has an immense circulation, and is the official organ of 300 camps.

Recent figures show that the total value of matches made and consumed throughout the world is but little short of \$200,000,000.

In 100 home families in New York, on the average, are found sixty-three that hire their home, fifteen that own with incumbrance, and twenty-one that own without incumbrance.

"In the United States three-fifths of the entire wealth of the country is owned by 31,000 persons—less than one-twelfth of one per cent. of the population," asserts the Farmers' Tribune.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs has decided to gradually do away with the service of interpreters at the various agencies, etc., and to employ instead the Indian children who have been educated at the expense of the Government.

Twenty-five miles of the Congo Railroad in Africa, forming the first section between Matange and Kenge, are now completed. The work has cost \$100,000 a mile. The line will be ninety-three miles long in all, and will connect the immense waterways above Stanley Falls with the sea.

Since Florida orange growers have turned their attention to the developing of early and late kinds of fruit, it is possible to have oranges here all the year through, states the Philadelphia Presbyterian. With the aid of cold storage, the presence of fruit on the table is much more common than it used to be.

Iceland can hardly be considered as a new country, admits the Washington Star, for it was colonized before the Vikings made an excursion to the North American coast. Yet attention is now being directed to the resources of the island, and projects for development are being planned and pushed with the vigor usual when a new land has been opened for settlement. An English syndicate has secured a concession to build railways, and a line of steamers is to be established to run all the year between Iceland and Liverpool. The export sheep trade is the incentive that has given life to these commercial projects. Iceland's geographic position is such as to suggest it as a field for American enterprise.

It is encouraging to know that the scientific application of electricity to therapeutical work is gaining ground rapidly. Not only are medical men themselves actively investigating the subject, but electricians like Edison, Tesla, Elihu Thomson, A. E. Kennelly, J. J. Carty and others, are devoting considerable time and study to it. American medical papers contain many notes on new lines of work, and even the more conservative English press finds space to record advances in the electro-therapeutic art. The London Lancet contains interesting references to the very successful use of electricity in curing trigeminal neuralgia, and to long continued treatment of cases of tic douloureux, which is practically the same thing, with long and short applications of the current. Success is uniform in all cases.

The Director of the United States Mint has estimated and the Secretary of the Treasury has proclaimed the value of foreign coins, as required by Section 25 of the act of August 28, 1894. The changes made are as follows:

	Value.	Value.
	July 1, 1894.	Oct. 1, 1894.
Boleiros of Bolivia	437	464
Peso of Central American	437	464
Shanghai tael of China	676	685
Hankow tael of China	753	763
Tien-Tsin tael of China	727	737
Che-Foo tael of China	717	727
Peso of Colombia	437	464
Sovereign of Ecuador	437	464
Rupia of India	217	227
Tyen of Japan	439	464
Dollars of Mexico	497	504
Real of Peru	437	464
Rubla of Russia	369	371
Mahab of Tripoli	413	418

The estimate of the value of coins of countries having a single silver standard is made up on the average price of silver for the three months ending September 29, 1894, viz: \$64.127. There has been added to the list the Tien-Tsin and Che-Foo taels of China.

AN ANSWERING THOUGHT.

If man be but a mere sojourner here—
A borrowed presence from some distant sphere,
A passing shadow 'twixt a smile and tear—
A thing of fleeting breath,
Then, O ye heavenly choristers, draw near,
And tell me what is death.
If mortal strength be but a borrowed might,
A circling sun that wanes before the night,
A taper burning with a transient light,
Borrowed from worlds above,
Oh, pause, sweet spirits, in your phantom flight,
And tell me what is love,
If human life is but a feeble spark—
A fitting gleam consumed by shadows dark,
Or spirits soaring upward, as the lark,
Let me not blindly grope;
Ahoy! sweet sailors in your phantom bark,
And tell me what is hope.
If my poor heart, a thing of trust and pray'r,
Must throb—then vanish as dissolving air;
If I must struggle through a world of care—
A vicious, fleeting strife—
Then tell me, O thou shapes of beauty rare,
Tell me what is life.
Ah, yes! I hear you answer, clear and strong,
Like flood of deed, unfathomable song;
"To live is Christ! To triumph over wrong
The soul's sweet mission is;
Or day, or night, or life be short or long,
'Tis writ—ye are His."
I hearken not to Evolution's drone,
The glibless critic or the cynic's tone;
I ask but grace to "walk with God" alone—
Trustful, exultant, free;
To bide the sacred presence of His throne,
Through all eternity.
—Cleveland Plaindealer.

A MODERN WITCH.



"What, the palmy of the hypnosis?"

"Both; and the frightening thrown in."

"Well, you will see her to-night, and can then judge for yourself. Here we are, now." Saying which they walked up the broad steps of a comfortable looking brown stone mansion and were ushered into the drawing room by a stately looking butler.

Mias Morgan was as charming a girl as one would care to meet. She had beauty, numerous accomplishments, and, incidentally, wealth. Within the past few years she had developed a craze for anything bordering on the mystic or supernatural. At first it was palmistry, but recently it had developed into mind-reading, hypnotism and ingeniously planned though entirely unsuccessful wanderings of the astral body.

Yet she had impressed some of her friends to such an extent that they would dream nightmarish dreams about her, and when they informed her of the fact she would calmly announce that she really had been with them in astral form.

Tom Bransford thought of all this as he was presented to this self-confessed witch. To her credit be it said that the young lady thought too much of her personal appearance to adopt any outlandish form of dress; on the contrary, the toilet ensemble, while certainly bewitching, was anything but uncanny.

After the first introductions and perfunctory conventionalities, the conversation was turned to the subject of hypnotism, and Bransford volunteered to become a subject with foolhardy daring "just to see what the sensation was like," as he meekly explained.

Overjoyed at the prospect of a new victim to experiment upon, the young hostess offered him an invitingly comfortable looking arm-chair, while she, seating herself before him and taking his hand in hers, directed that he should look steadily into her eyes.

Bransford did so, while Miss Morgan fixed her lustrous eyes on his as though she would look him through and through.

"Don't stare at me that way too long, Miss Morgan, I have a weak heart," interrupted Bransford.

cried the girl, clasping her hands delightedly. "He has passed beyond the suggestion stage, and now must be in the somnambulist stage." Then turning the limp form of Bransford, she commanded: "Stand up. You are now completely in my power. Stand up and open your eyes."

But Bransford did nothing of the sort. On the contrary his legs and arms became rigid, his teeth clenched, and his breathing labored.

Estelle turned pale. "He is in the cataleptic stage; but I think I had better wake him up, don't you?"

"By all means," assented Vanderveer, whose face had assumed an almost greenish hue with fright.

But in vain did this fair disciple of Mesmer resort to passes, commands, and finally tearful entreaties. Bransford could not be aroused, and his condition seemed to become more serious every moment.

"Oh, Mr. Bransford, do wake up. If you have the slightest regard for me, I beseech of you to wake up," cried the girl, anxiously. "Oh, Mr. Vanderveer, do you please say something to arouse him, your voice will be more familiar than mine."

"Tom," cried Charlie, at the top of his voice, "wake up, old man." Then shaking him by the shoulders, he pleaded with him wildly. "Tom, old friend, you are all right. Wake up, Tom, if you love me, wake up." Then reproachfully to Estelle: "He told you he had a weak heart."

"Yes," she replied, now crying hysterically, "but I thought he was joking. Do please go for a doctor as quick as you can."

"But I can't leave him here, he'll fall on the floor," said Charlie. "Don't you think I had better carry him to the lounge?"

"Pray do, and then I can bathe his forehead with some extract and fan him while you are gone."

Bransford's remains—for they hardly seemed to be more—were then laboriously half lifted, half dragged from the chair to the lounge, and a daintily embroidered pillow placed under his head. Estelle had in the meantime supplied herself with all available restoratives and took her place by his side, while Charlie hurried away for medical aid.

Left alone with her unfortunate victim, she unburdened her soul aloud.

"Oh, what have I done! Perhaps he will die. And I heard so much about him. I was sure we were going to be good friends. And I did like him from the moment I saw him this evening—and now I have probably killed him. Oh, how could I do it, how could I do it!"

A sort of spasm passed over the unconscious form before her, and she thought his breathing had ceased, so put her hand over his parted lips to see if she could feel any breath, when to her horror and surprise, the trembling hand was kissed in a most life-like manner, and Bransford's dark eyes looked into hers with a humorous twinkle.

"Remember," he said, quietly, "I am not responsible. I am hypnotized, you know." Then, still keeping her hand in his own, he sat up and asked gravely: "Don't you think that you have had a pretty good lesson in the danger of playing with edged tools and dabbling in occult arts you do not know anything about?"

"I think it was perfectly abominable and cruel for you to give me such a terrible fright," she cried, pulling away her hand.

"It might easily have really occurred. Come, now. You have said you like me, then forgive me, but promise to be a bewitching woman and not a womanly witch in the future. The day of witchcraft has long since passed; nineteenth century witches have no excuse for existing. Is it a bargain?"

"Rather a one-sided bargain; but I think you are right and I promise."

When Vanderveer returned an hour later, after calling unsuccessfully on five physicians, he found Tom and Estelle chatting as cozily together as though they had been friends for years.

"Yes," Tom said on his way home, "it was hard enough to lay there and stimulate unconsciousness while she was crying and you were carrying on like a lunatic; but when she put her dainty little hand on my mouth, why I simply could not resist. Ye gods, man, if it had been her lips, and I—do you think she ever would have forgiven me?"

"Oh, yes," prophesied Vanderveer, gloomily, "and in time no apology will be looked for or required under similar circumstances."

Charlie was right.—Truth.

Birds That Build Tenements.

The social broods of South Africa live in large societies. They select a tree of considerable size, and literally cover it with a grass roof, under which their common dwelling is constructed. The roof serves the double purpose of keeping off the heat and rain, and 400 or 500 pairs of birds are known to have the same shelter. The nests in this aerial dwelling are built in regular streets, and closely resemble rows of tenement houses.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A word from the wise is often all we care to hear.—Puck.

A MONTANA SHEEP RANCH.

TELEPHONES AND BAROMETERS PART OF THE EQUIPMENT.

The Large Clark Ranch and the Careful Way It Is Managed—Looking After 40,000 Sheep.

BAINBRIDGE S. CLARK, of Tarrytown, and his two sons, Walter and George, own the largest sheep ranch in Montana. The sons live on the ranch, and once or twice a year Mr. Clark, who has given up active business life, goes out there to look over affairs at the ranch and give his opinion on matters where it is advisable. On the ranch are no less than 40,000 sheep. The ranch is all fenced in, has ample equipments in buildings and extends in one direction for a distance of forty miles. It is in Choteau County.

This ranch is run on what might be called scientific principles. That is, at this season of the year, and for the rest of the winter it is run according to the barometer. The ranch has six telephone stations. The approach of blizzards and other cold storms is so sudden in that country that it means a loss of many sheep, where herding is carried on extensively, if they are not rushed under shelter when these storms come. Whenever the barometer falls seriously word is telephoned at once to the stations on the ranch from the central house and the sheep are raced in, if necessary, for their protection.

The sheep are kept in flocks of 3000, and two men go with them as herders. They are rounded up at night, and reports are made over the telephone every evening as to the day's work. This ranch is said to be the only one in this country fully equipped with the telephone. The result is that at any hour of the day the Clark brothers know the situation on any part of their ranch, and concerted action can be taken by the herders at any time on direction from the ranch office. The ranch has been an immense success, and this has come from the close application of business principles.

Life on the Clark ranch is very attractive. The chief house is a large two-story log structure. It is beautifully furnished with hangings and rugs, and it is full of gaiety. The owners have a large yellow dog, and when Eastern visitors come out there on hunting trips it is a common sight to see a merry coaching party go dashing across the prairie. The mountains are near, and some fine lakes, notably St. Mary's are not far away. Shooting is excellent and close at hand, and it is not a long journey to Helena or to the other lively cities of Montana.

The Clark boys, as they are known out there, used to be prominent in the 400 of New York and Newport, as the 400 existed ten years ago, but they dropped society and its attractions from the moment they went into sheep herding. They had been brought up without the necessity for work, but their father insisted on giving them occupation with serious responsibilities. They proved their worth from the start. Every winter one of them has come home for a short visit, but it has been a stay always with a longing to get back to the ranch and to pitch into hard work there. They have studied every phase of the business and have worked with their own hands on the sheep.

Moreover, the young men have surrounded themselves with genial assistants. On their ranch, employed as herders, have been many of their acquaintances and friends who have met with financial reverses and have been thrown on their own resources in an emergency. Among these herders have been two German barons, who, several years ago, were social lions in swell society in the East. They liked open air life, and were willing to act as herders while their affairs were being straightened. On the ranch there are generally half a dozen such companions, and life in the central house in the evenings, with music and other attractions, is delightful. During the winter season these young men take their dress suits and drop down to Helena. Social functions take an added importance there because of their presence. They are much sought after as leaders in Germans. Their dancing accomplishments always make them desirable guests.

When Mr. Clark first decided upon a Western career for his sons he went into the wheat country of North Dakota to investigate. Land agents were bragging to him constantly as to the depth of the black soil out there. This was a most important matter for purchasers to know about. Mr. Clark hit upon an ingenious method of verifying their statements. When an agent would drive up to the hotel to take Mr. Clark out to see some land, he would be surprised to see Mr. Clark lagging out a big tin affair like a waterspout, about eight feet long, and stow it away in the wagon.

"The soil is six feet deep here," an agent would say when a certain spot would be reached.

"Are you sure?" Mr. Clark would ask.

"Of course," the agent would say; "we have had it tested all over here."

"I guess I'll try it myself," Mr. Clark would respond. Then he would bring out his tin arrangement and begin to push it down into the ground. It was simply a huge auger and it told the tale to the inch as to the earth's depth. Mr. Clark also had a sort of cheese box made, and with this and his auger to aid him no land agent could deceive him, willingly or unwillingly, as to the soil's depth.—New York Sun.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Cornelius Vanderbilt has a \$15,000 piano.

In the course of a year a single crow destroys 700,000 insects.

The Manchester (England) ship canal cost \$60,000,000 and 130 human lives.

A skunk farm near East Freeport, Ohio, has 5000 of the malodorous animals.

A Bangor (Me.) taxidermist has already stuffed and mounted thirty-nine deerskins this season.

The Madras (India) Government has issued orders to prohibit hook-swinging at religious festivals.

Circleville, Ohio, was so named because it was originally situated within one of the Indian mound circles.

In Australia the cherry stones grow on the outside of the cherries, and several varieties of wood will sink in water.

No authentic painting by any one of the famous Greek or Roman masters of antiquity is now known to be in existence.

The first English dictionary contained only nouns and verbs, the nouns in one column and the verbs in another.

Letters received at the Chicago postoffice show that the name of the Lake City can be spelled in 197 different ways.

The first savings bank in this country was the Philadelphia Savings Fund Society, organized in 1816. It is still in existence.

The trotting record has been lowered at the average rate of five seconds a decade since 1815, when Lady Suffolk held it.

An apple tree in Monticello, Fla., bears on different limbs grafted apples, crabapples, pears, peaches, pears and quinces.

The Russian Czar's palatial yacht, the Polish Star, has a miniature Greek chapel on the upper deck with an altar spread with red velvet.

Denver, Col., has the largest street railway cable in the world. The rope which acts as the motor is 35,000 feet, or about seven miles long.

On New Year's morning every man and boy in the Celestial Empire, from the Emperor to the lowest peasant, pays a visit to his mother. He carries her a present, and thanks her for all she has done for him.

The geese and cranes of South America commonly winter in the West Indies and in the valleys of the Amazon and Orinoco, but great flocks of them have been seen crossing the South Atlantic in the autumn, evidently bound for Africa.

At Schilligallen, in Germany, recently, an old man of seventy-three, named Mormon Jankles, who had already buried three wives, proposed to a fourth. She told him he was too old, whereupon he went into the neighboring forest and hanged himself.

Asbestos in the household is just beginning its career of usefulness. It is now made into hearth blowers, stove polishers, mats, flutiron resins and for baking paper. It will come in time, no doubt, to furnish fire-proof handles, aprons, carpets and a dozen other things.

Cost of Running Trains.

Probably few travelers, even those who daily have occasion to use the railway, have any adequate idea of the cost of running trains. The cost may differ, and doubtless does differ greatly with the varying conditions, but the recently published figures of one of the extensive Western systems are instructive. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, operating 6147 miles of road, has made public an analysis of expenses per revenue train mile run for the past two years, the total miles run being 31,753,418 in 1893, and 36,692,470 in 1894. The items include repairs of locomotives and cars, station service, train service, train and station supplies, fuel, oil and waste and miscellaneous expenses. The total operating expenses were 96.46 cents per revenue train mile in 1893, and 92.67 cents in 1894. The revenue from passengers per train mile run was only 31.51 cents in 1893 and 30.32 cents in 1894, or less than cost. But there was a profit on freight service, the revenue per mile run being \$1.5701 in 1893 and \$1.5864 in 1894, and out of this margin between receipts and expenditures per mile has to come the return for the enormous investment in roads, rolling stock, structures and other property. Stated in a general way, it costs about a dollar a mile, actual operative expenses, to run a train, without allowing any return on cost of road or equipment.—Providence Journal.

MIGHTY PEKIN.

ALL ABOUT ITS QUEER SIGHTS AND STRANGE PEOPLE.

Capital of One-third of the World— Walls of Pekin and Three Different Cities Enclosed— Its Great Markets.

PEKIN, writes Frank G. Carpenter in the Washington Star, is perhaps one of the least known cities of the world. I have paid two visits to it, and I spent a month in it six years ago. During the present spring I prowled about its streets for days and devoted myself to making a study of the town and its people. It is an immense city. It contains about fifteen hundred thousand, but these are scattered over an area of twenty-five square miles, and the people as a rule live in one-story houses. The city is surrounded by walls which were built hundreds of years ago, and which must have cost many millions of dollars. These walls are in good condition with the exception of one or two places where the floods of last winter undermined them and carried part of their facings away. It is hard to give an American an idea of one of these walled cities of China. The walls of Pekin are sixty feet thick at the bottom. They would fill the average country road or city street, and they are as tall as a four-story house. They are so wide at the top that you could run three railroad trains side by side around them, and they are so solid that the cars would move more smoothly over these tracks than they do on the trunk lines between New York and Chicago. These walls are faced inside and out with bricks, each as big as a four-dollar Bible, and the space between is filled with earth and stones so rammed down that the ages have made the whole one solid mass. They are built, in fact, much like the great wall of China, and the bricks of the two are almost exactly the same. I have before me a brick which I brought from the great wall. It weighs about twenty pounds, or as much as a two-year-old baby. It is blue gray in color, and it is covered with patches of white lime mortar just like those that I saw in the broken places of the walls of Pekin.

In approaching Pekin, long before you get to the city, you see the immense towers which stand on the top of this wall over the gates which enter the city. These towers are as tall as a big New York flat. They rise nine stories above the wall, and they have roofs of blue tiles. They were used in the past as watch-towers, and they have many port holes for cannon. There are thirteen gates which lead into the city, and the towers and the walls near these are plastered over with proclamations and bills much like a theatre billboard. The gates of Pekin are merely holes through this wall, and they are about as wide as the ordinary street and perhaps twenty feet high. They are lined with stone and are beautifully arched. They are closed at night with great doors sheathed with iron, and they are paved with heavy slabs of stone. The walls of Pekin are twenty-seven miles long, and the area which they enclose is irregular in shape, and it consists of two big parallelograms. The one at the north is the real capital of China, for it contains the Tartar city, the great Government departments, the foreign legations and the Imperial city, in which, surrounded by from five to ten thousand eunuchs, the Emperor lives. The lower parallelogram joins the Tartar city. It has half a dozen temples, including the Temple of Heaven, which was burned down not long ago, and which now is being rebuilt of Oregon pine.

The Chinese city is where all the mercantile business of this great capital is done. It is cut up into narrow streets, and it is filled with all sorts of stores. It has markets of all

wool, of the kind that our ladies use for long opera cloaks. This Chinese city is a city of banks and of stock exchanges. I visited one morning the river exchange. It was a room like a barn, and the people were buying and selling stocks just as they do on Wall street, yelling and howling and pushing each other like mad as they did so. It is a city of book stores, and there are some streets which contain no other shops. We have the idea that the Chinese merely live upon rice and on rats, and that their chief industries are the making of matting, of fans and of silks. The truth is that China does a vast business, and she produces all sorts of commodities. Nearly every one of these Chinese streets contains shops of all kinds, and the main business of China is not the supplying goods for the foreign markets, but the making of those required for her own people. They have as many wants as we have, and they require as good goods. The nobles dress in the finest of silk, and there are hundreds of stores which sell nothing but pictures. The art displayed in most of the paintings is abominable, but they are pictures nevertheless, and the Chinese pay good money for them.

I wish I could show you the markets of Pekin. You can get as good meat there as you can in New York, and there is no finer mutton in the world than that of North China. The sheep are of the fat-tailed variety, and I saw many which had tails weighing over a pound. It is queer how they kill the animals which they sell. They have no slaughter houses, and a sheep is often butchered in front of the shop and the blood lies on the ground while you buy. There are all sorts of fish, and they are always sold alive. No Chinaman would buy a dead fish, and in case you want to buy less than a whole fish at a time, the Chinese peddler will pull the fish out of the water, lay him squirming on the block, and cut a piece of quivering flesh out of his side for you while you wait. He does not kill the fish, and after you are through he throws it back into a separate pail of water and waits for another customer to take off the rest. One of the chief meats sold is pork,

the dutiful son often buys his father a coffin and make it a present to the old man years before his death. I could



A NOTED PEKIN BEGGAR.

tell you of stories where thousands of dollars' worth of incense or joss sticks are sold every month, and I could take you into establishments which sell nothing but birds and gold fishes. There are big stores full of furniture and shops which make nothing but porcelain stoves. There are places where wood is sold in bundles by weight and establishments where coal dust is mixed up with mud and sold in lumps the size and shape of a baseball at so much apiece. There are great markets for the selling of chickens and flowers, and all sorts of toy stores and stores for the selling of paper and cloth. There are lock peddlers by hundreds and hardware establishments, and if you are very hard up and in want of a meal I can show you a little hole round the corner where you can get camel's meat soup and mule roast at low prices. There are places for gambling and dime museum shows. There are restaurants of every description and opium joints without number. There are, in fact, stores of every sort and description, and the best things in China come to Pekin.



THE STATE DEPARTMENT AT PEKIN.

and you see hogs trotting about through the streets of Pekin. They wallow in the puddles right under the shadow of the Emperor's palaces, and they are the dirtiest hogs in the world. There are all kinds of game for sale in the markets, and you can get snipe and quail and squirrels of all kinds. The Chinese are the best raisers of poultry in the world. They have duck farms and geese farms, and they know all about artificial incubation. They sell great quantities of dried geese and dried ducks, and they carry bushel-baskets full of dried ducks about the city for sale. They sell all kinds of fruit and they are adepts in the raising of the choicest of vegetables. They bury their grape vines in the north in the winter, and you can buy your nuts by the bushel. As to cats, dogs and rats, I did not see any sold in Pekin, and I don't believe that the better class are accustomed to use them. I am told, however, that such cats as are sold in the south are raised and fattened especially for the market, and that their diet is usually rice. Dogs' flesh is supposed, by the people, to give heroic properties to those who feed on it, and the same effect is produced by bears' meat and the ground-up bones of wild tigers. These things ought to bring a high price just now in Pekin, for the people certainly have reason to increase their courage. Another queer article that you see in the Pekin market is false hair. I passed several places where long-queued Chinamen stood beside a board upon which were hung long bunches of black Chinese locks. Each of these was a false pigtail, and it is said that one of the chief articles of export from Korea to China is human hair. The Chinese braid extra locks into their queues and they often patch out their queues with silk thread.

I might write a full letter about the queer things shown in the Chinese part of the city of Pekin. I could tell you of a vast business done in gold and silver paper which the Chinese burn at the graves to furnish their dead with money to pay their passage to heaven. I could show you shops selling nothing but coffins, in which single articles of this kind cost as high as four thousand dollars, and where

The most interesting part of Pekin, however, is the big Tartar city. It is the capital of one-third of the population on the globe, and in it lives the son of heaven, the Emperor of China, to whom all his subjects must bend their knees. It contains the thousands of Manchu officials, the foreign legations, the Government departments and all the paraphernalia of this queer Chinese court. It is the most interesting city on the face of the globe, and its sights really beggar description. From the walls the whole city looks like an immense orchard, with here and there one-story buildings shining out through the trees. In its centre there is a walled off inclosure filled with massive buildings roofed with yellow tiles. This is the Imperial city, in the innermost parts of which is a brick pen inclosing several square miles, where the Emperor lives, surrounded by eunuchs. He is perhaps the rarest bird in the whole Chinese aviary, and I will follow this with a special letter describing some of his antics. He is kept apart from Chinese and foreigners, and you might live in Pekin fifty years and not see him. He really knows nothing about his people or his surroundings, and he is a sort of puppet who stands still or dances when his highest officials or the old Empress Dowager pulls at the string.

No better idea of the condition of the Government of China could be gotten than by a trip through this Tartar city. It is one of the oldest towns in the world. It was founded more than a thousand years before Christ, and it has been the capital of millions for ages. It ought to be the greatest city on the face of the globe, but there is no spot more filthy and slimy and foul. The city knows nothing of modern improvements. It is cut up into wide streets, but the roads have no sidewalks, and the rude Chinese carts sink up to their hubs as they move through the city. There are no water closets. The streets are the sewers, and the most degraded savage of our Western plains has a greater regard for the exposure of his person than have these pig-tailed, silk dressed, gaudy, fat Pekinese. The city has absolutely no sanitary improvements, and the street lamps are

framework boxes backed with white paper, and they are seldom lighted except during full moon. It is absolutely unsafe to move about in the night time without a lantern, if you wish to keep your feet clean, and you have to balance yourself in the day to keep out of the mud. All of the houses are of one story, and the Government departments look more like broken down barns than the offices of a great empire.

I went one morning to visit the State Department, and as I looked at it I thought of our great building of the State, War and Navy, which cost, you know, more than ten million dollars, and which is the biggest granite building in the world. The street was a mud puddle, and I hugged low, shakily buildings till I finally came to a gate at which a dirty official was standing. He shook his head as I entered, but I pretended not to see him, and pushed my way in. I entered a court, which looked for all the world like a barn yard surrounded by low wooden stables, with heavy tiled roofs. This court was filled with donkeys, horses and dogs, and half-naked children sprawled in front of the doors to these buildings, which were, in fact, the offices of the department. The



MANDARINS SALUTING.

buildings were filled with clerks, who wrote away at bare tables, the light coming in through latticework walls backed with white paper. They scowled at me as I looked, and one of them gave me to understand that I had better move on. I next visited the famous Hanlin College. It was worse than the State Department, and everything about it was shabby and going to seed. I tried to get into the board of punishments, where the horrible cruelties which the Chinese Government metes out to its rebels and criminals are passed upon, and where torture is common, but I was stopped at the door and was positively told that I could not go in. It was the same with all the Government departments. They could not have been shabbier had they been knocked up out of old pieces of old Noah's ark, and everything was filthy and the picture of ruin. The only really new things in the city seemed to be the clothes of the officials, and I laughed again and again as I saw these mandarins bow down in the mud and go through the forms of the Chinese court amid their filthy surroundings. They are among themselves, as far as words go, the most polite of all nations, and they look upon us as bores and barbarians. The most of the people believe that they will conquer the world, and I doubt whether a thousand out of the million and a half people in Pekin know anything of the Japanese victories. The court officials distribute all sorts of lies, and they have probably told the people that they have whipped the Japanese on both land and on sea, and that the Mikado will be brought to Pekin. The majority of the citizens of the Chinese capital really believe that America is subject to China. They think that Colonel Denby is sent to the capital to pay Uncle Sam's tribute to their Emperor, and this, I am told, is their opinion as to every foreign legation. They have nicknamed the street upon which the foreign ministers live "the street of the subject nations," and they would consider it a disgrace to ask our ministers to dinner, and I venture that Colonel Denby has never been on intimate terms with a dozen high-class Chinese officials. This, I know, will seem strange to Americans, but it is actually the truth.

An Anarchist Toy.

France is anarchy mad. The craze has even spread to the toy shops, in which baby bombs are everywhere for sale. Two small springs project energetically against the capsule, which is filled with fulminate of mercury and rests on an anvil, over it a cylindrical hammer; as long as the cover remains on the box the small hammer is stopped in its course by a prop. As soon as one opens the machine the prop is loosened, the spring works, the hammer explodes the capsule, and the toy becomes a dangerous thing. It has in itself the ingenious simplicity which



THE BABY BOMB.

characterizes all the products of Parisian industry, and at the same time it is called forth by a sorrowful reality.

To prevent lamp chimneys from cracking put them into a kettle of cold water, gradually heat it till it boils and then let it cool gradually.

DEACON HOPEFUL'S IDEAS.

Dear friends, when I am dead an' gone, Don't have no weel takin' on, Don't act so tarnationally here, As though they weren't no sunshine left, Don't multiply your stock o' woe By sorry looks an' gloomy clothes, As' make the trouble ten times worse By ailers fellerin' a hearse.

When I depart, it's my idee, The most consol' thing ter me 'D be to hear the ones I tried Ter comfort here before I died Say, sort o' smilin' through their tears, "Well, ennyhow, ter years an' years We had him here, so let's be glad An' thankful fer the joy we had."

It ain't no use ter make a fuss When death comes after one o' us. The ways o' Providence, I 'low, Are as they should be, ennyhow. Things suit me purty middlin' well, An' even at a funeral I'd sing, amid the grief and woe, "Praise God, from whom all blessing's flow."

—Nixon Waterman, in Chicago Journal.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Geologists report that their collections are hard.

Penitence is very apt to follow punishment.—Judge.

While opportunity awaits every man, it does not put in its leisure time blowing a horn.—Milwaukee Journal.

Each morning, evening an' noon, He's played for many moons; And though he's always out of tune, He's never out of tunes.

—Truth.

The only persons who should be allowed to hold up trains are the women who persist in wearing them.—Albany Argus.

Politics are full of uncertainties. To-day a man is on the stump and next week he may be all up a tree.—Boston Transcript.

Young Chip—"What causes so much sickness, father?" Old Block—"Too much talking about it, my son."—Boston Courier.

Why is it that a woman always uses more common sense in dealing with another's love affair than with her own?—Albany Argus.

"The pen is mightier than the sword," Thus said a man who'd gone And made a million selling pork To feed the soldiers on.

—Detroit Free Press.

The first time a man goes out hunting his wife has so much confidence in him that she doesn't buy any meat for supper.—Atchison Globe.

If these fat Georgia hickory nuts would only crack wide open when they drop what a great country this would be!—Atlanta Constitution.

Many a man will humbly tell you that he cuts no ice; but he always harbors a different opinion when he gets a skate on.—Adams Freeman.

O man! Poor man! Your life is but a span; Yet while you live you seem At least a six-horse team.

—Pack.

Lord Duffer—"You're a girl after my heart." Miss Price—"And you're a man after my money." (Engagement not announced.)—Boston Budget.

He—"Why do you wish you had been born a man?" She—"A man has some one big annoyance every day, while a woman suffers from forty odd little ones."—Pack.

"I may tell you at once that I can put up with everything except answering back." "Oh, madam! sure that's just like myself. We shall get on splendidly."—Le Figaro.

"Why don't you drop me a line occasionally, Mattie?" asked the forward young man. "Line's busy," replied the telephone girl in an abstracted manner.—Boston Transcript.

"Do you think Skinner can make a living out there?" "Make a living? Why, he'd make a living on a rock in the middle of the ocean—if there was another man on the rock."—Philadelphia Record.

"Is it true that Houser is hustling for the postoffice?" "Guess it is. I heard his wife tell him if he didn't get her letter mailed inside of twenty minutes she'd know the reason why."—Buffalo Courier.

Income-tax Assessor—"You can't claim exemption, Mr. Smiles. Why, man, you must spend \$7000 a year the way you live." Smiles—"I know that, sir, but I live beyond my income."—Harper's Bazar.

A composer in this town wrote several dead marches and could not find a publisher. He sent them to Philadelphia. They were at once accepted and published; and they are now used by the local bands as quicksteps.—Boston Journal.

Greatest Five Naval Powers.

The five greatest naval powers in the world are in the order named: Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany and Italy. As will be seen by the following figures, showing the number of vessels of all kinds (including torpedo boats) in each navy in December, 1893, a combination of the French and Russian navies would considerably exceed the British navy in strength: Great Britain, 329 vessels; France, 411; Russia, 275; Germany, 261; Italy, 223.—New York Sun.



THEY LIKE PORK.

kinds, and its fair market covers several acres. It has its wholesale as well as its retail fur market, and I have gone out at 6 o'clock in the morning and found perhaps a thousand almost-dressed merchants dressed in gorgeous silks moving about through great beds of furs of all kinds. The furs are piled upon the ground, and you can buy seals for about \$5 a skin, and tiger skins for \$75, which will be worth twice that amount anywhere else in the world. You can buy the finest of ermine, and for \$10 you can get a coat of lamb's

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KODAK

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Come to us for what you want to eat, and lay in your season's supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a distance given special attention.

All country produce taken.

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BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

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Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone, bone-spavin, curb, poll evil, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowel-troubles, and pains of every description, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinds of contagious diseases.

Address,

T. J. WILLIAMS,
Top of Allegheny, W. Va.

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by D. W. Loudermilk and Susan J. Loudermilk, his wife, to L. M. McClintic, trustee, to indemnify and save harmless Withrow McClintic as endorser on a certain negotiable note of the sum of \$167.46, dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and payable four months after date at the Bank of Boncove, West Virginia, and any renewal of said note, said deed is dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and is recorded in the county clerk's office of Pocahontas County, in Deed Book No. 25, page 207, and default in the payment of said note having been made by the said D. W. Loudermilk, and said Withrow McClintic having paid said note as endorser thereon as aforesaid, the undersigned Trustee, having been required by the said Withrow McClintic, will proceed at the front door of the court-house of Pocahontas county on the

5th Day of March, 1895,

(county court day) to sell by way of public auction, to the highest bidder,

for Cash,

the following property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to discharge said debt, and the costs attending the execution of this trust, to-wit:

One brown horse, one two-horse wagon, one set double harness, one-third interest in a threshing machine, and one-third interest in a sawmill, the property of the said D. W. Loudermilk. The other two-thirds interest in said threshing machine and sawmill belong to G. W. Beverage and Paul Armstrong.

Also a certain tract or parcel of land containing eighteen acres situated in Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on Spruce Flat, being the same land conveyed by G. W. Beverage and wife to said Susan J. Loudermilk by deed dated 16th day of April, 1891, of record in the clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, in Deed Book No. 21, page 180, to which deed reference is here made for a full and complete description of said land.

Jan. 23, 1895.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,
Trustee.

Commissioner's Notice.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
Marlinton, W. Va. Jan. 7, 1895.
James M. Simmons,
vs.
R. H. Simmons, et al.

In Chancery.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county rendered in the above styled cause on the 24th day of October, 1894, I will proceed, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on Friday, the 15th day of February, 1895, to take, state, and report to the next term of said circuit court the following matters of account, to-wit:

First. An account showing all the existing liens against the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons, together with all their dates, dignities, and priorities.

Second. An account showing the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons subject to the liens aforesaid.

Third. Any other matter deemed pertinent by myself or required by any party in interest to be stated.

W. A. BRATT N,
Commissioner.

[1-11-95-46]

TO all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise on the real estate or any part thereof of R. H. Simmons.

In pursuance of a decree of the circuit court of Pocahontas county, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said R. H. Simmons, which are liens on his real estate or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on or before the 15th day of February 1895. Given under my hand this 7th day of January, 1895.

W. A. BRATT N,
Commissioner.

[1-11-95-46]

Commissioner's Notice.

Office of Commissioner L. M. McClintic,
Marlinton, W. Va. Jan. 9th, 1895.

George C. Hill's Adm'r.

vs.
Rebecca J. Hill and others.

NOTICE is hereby given to all parties interested in the above styled cause that pursuant to a decree entered in said cause on the 16th day of October, 1894, I will proceed, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas County, W. Va. on the 20th day of February, 1895, to take, state, and report the following matters of account, to-wit:

1st. A statement of the account of R. W. Hill, Administrator, cum testamento annexo, of George C. Hill, dec'd.

2d. An account of all the debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd, showing their several amounts, priorities, and the persons to whom payable, and showing the amount of the debts mentioned in decree in this cause made October 21st, 1890, exactly as stated in said decree.

3d. A special statement of all debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd, discharged by the administrator thereof, together with the amount of such debts as should have been liquidated from the personality of said estate, and showing the amount of such debts discharged by the administrator to which he is entitled to be substituted as creditor against the real assets of said estate in lieu of the creditors whose claims he has discharged.

4th. A statement showing all the costs of this suit and to whom due.

5th. Any other matter deemed pertinent to the commissioner or required by any party in interest to be specially stated.

At which time and place you may attend.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,
Commissioner.

[1-11-95]

E. H. Smith,

PRESCRIPTION

DRUGGIST,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

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Varnishes, Patent Medicines,
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Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night. A competent Pharmacist will have charge of the Prescription Department.

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Work done on short notice.

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Architect and Superintendent,
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Wheeling, W. Va.

ARMSTRONG ON JAILS.

A Few Particulars of a Late Attempt to Escape from Jail. Cut This Out.

We were too much crowded last week to give a full account of the night Armstrong put in in his vain endeavor to deliver himself, being confined in the Huntersville jail. He has wished since that he had fully appreciated the comforts of his cell at Huntersville, and had not trifled with the "best jail in the State."

Armstrong was put in jail on Saturday, January 26th. On the next night he had pulled away the sink in one corner of his room and found that the sink in the next room connected with this one by means of a pipe. This gave him a hole through the six-inch partition to begin with. Waiting over a week, he and his cellmate, Barton Douglas, another negro, pulled away the sink again, late Tuesday night of last week, took a peice of their bedstead and pushed away the sink in the other room. They then saturated the oak with coal-oil, set fire to it, and enlarged the hole sufficiently for them to crawl through.

All went well until the smoke began to choke them. They threw water on it, which made the smoke worse. They crawled through, and found the empty cell next as securely locked as their own. Now the smoke question was getting serious. The oak wood was smoking strong enough to have cured all the Hams in Pocahontas of everything. The negroes in the ground floor smelt the smoke, for there was not a chink for it to escape. They thought the jail was on fire, and yelled like demons. Armstrong and Douglas raised the window, but they said that just drove the smoke in. Then they raised their voices, too, and the old jail must have sounded as though the famous "forty devils" were confined therein. The four negroes yelled all night, until the town woke up about five o'clock next morning. The prisoners' eyes were almost put out, and even late in the day they could scarcely see anything.

Now Armstrong finds out what his effort cost him. He is buried alive in the new Marlinton jail, which is a terror to all possible prisoners. He is in a steel cage and outside he can look through to where a stove is kept burning to warm him. He exchanged a comfortable room, with a wood fire and light, for this metal concern. Formerly he could look out of a window on a road, but now he is too far from the window to see anything, and will not even catch a glimpse of the sky when the frost is on the glass. Nobody can come in and chat with him, and his surroundings will give him as much satisfaction as if he were at the bottom of a well.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere. Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pain!

Fargo has a keen nose for business. It threatens to become a formidable rival of Sioux Falls as a divorce center.

American meat can still be imported into Germany in small quantities carefully packed away under the veil.

Concord State Normal School.

Spring term begins February 13th, 1895.

Summer term begins April 24th, 1895.

Tuition free to West Virginia students.

Boarding, washing, and lodging, \$2.25 to \$2.50 per week.

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CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Cud, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. OSGOOD,
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"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

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HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches,
Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bugs, etc.
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fatal diseases result from
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Don't play with Nature's
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If you are feeling
out of sorts, weak
and generally ex-
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begin at once tak-
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medicine which is
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tles cure—benefit
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very first dose—
it's a plain, per-
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pleasant, to take.

It Cures

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Get only the genuine—it has crossed red
lines on the wrapper. All others are sub-
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rent, my store-house
and lot at Lobelia. A good place stand
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miles from Academy, and ten from
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curpinks, and near the line of the B. &
O. R. R. survey. A promising town.
Lobelia, W. Va. W. S. HILL.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 30.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1895.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, R. E. Burns.
Clerk Circuit Court, S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners of Court, C. E. Beard, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.
County Surveyor, George Baxter.
Coroner, George P. Moore.
Justices, A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock, Charles Cook, H. H. Gross, Huntersville, Wm. L. Brown, Dunmore, G. H. Curry, Academy, Thomas Bentley, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October. County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,

ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

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ANDREW PRICE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
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Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

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HAS LOCATED AT
FROST, W. VA.

Calls promptly answered.

COUNTY newspapers have an interest to the reader that is peculiarly their own. For one thing it represents to a great extent the county it is in. When sent out it is a little bit broken off the county as it were, and the stranger who picks it up looks first to see where it comes from. Then as he reads it he absorbs a good deal of knowledge of the county which supports it. He can see that it is evidently off the railroad a good ways. A good deal of lumbering is going on, and a good deal is said about stock. The county-seat does not seem to be a very big town. They are debating the subject of incorporation. Some of the people's names impress him; there seems to be quite a number of Mc's out there. Must be Scotch-Irish. Yes and here's a hard joke on the Baptists. Evidently not very many Baptists in that county or that joke would not be in the paper. The county is Democratic—he lights on that fact somewhere. They seem to have one principal river. He sees that the county-seat has been moved and then realizes that he is reading a West Virginia paper. He is very apt to find out, too, that the people are wanting a railroad, and wanting it bad. Money is scarce. He sees that the paper probably has a patent side, and remarks that the circulation is probably under one thousand. Take it all in all, the county is sized up often by its newspaper, for thousands see the county paper that would not know of the existence of the county otherwise. As to whether such a paper could be considered a necessity, others are better judges than the writer. It is hardly a luxury. To run a paper is very necessary to the peace and happiness of the editor, for he would be sadly at sea if he could not air his wit before a few thousand people a week. This is what makes thousands of people wish to run a paper. Now it takes about a thousand people to run a paper, but they must do it by reading the paper and paying for it. It takes a rare bird to be an editor. He must be fearfully and wonderfully made. He should have some talent and be able to read and write. Must be accustomed to a life of peril and privation, and be strong enough to inspire respect and back his editorials. He must make a hundred friends to one enemy, for that enemy will send news-letters to the *New York World*, or some other rival paper. He should understand printing, and the smell of printer's ink should be to him as myrrh. If he gets so interested in his work that he is content with earning a living, he will do well. There are many things connected with his work that bring their own reward. One of them is that he will never have any trouble with his women subscribers. They will do all they can to keep him paid ahead. If he is fair and honest in his dealings with the public, he will find that with little effort that he gains ten subscribers where he loses one, and has the satisfaction of knowing that when a man does get mad and "stop his paper," that he will get it and read it at every opportunity, becoming a deadbeat. Still it warms his heart to think that the man will read it. On the whole, the editor's life is not a bad one, and his newspaper keeps things together, and should be considered an institution necessary to the commonwealth.

THE recent strike in Brooklyn is an event of no ordinary significance. More than six thousand motormen and conductors of surface railroads went into a strike Monday morning, January 14. They were confronted with seven or eight thousand armed men, equipped with improved weapons, and while apparent peace now reigns, the questions at issue are not settled to the satisfaction of the working men. The controversy seems to hinge on less time or more pay, and the abolition of the "tripper" system. Ten hours pay for twelve hours work did not seem just, and in regard to the "tripper" system, it seems a "tripper" can run only during the morning and the men who run these cars are not employed regularly, but are paid by the hour, according to the number of trips made by them. The strikers claim that these men often wait from ten to seventeen hours to secure one of the "trippers," for which they get forty cents. The "trippers" seem to be the main trouble, for the strikers are willing to let other questions drop, if the car companies would abolish the "trippers." If the companies can keep up the "trippers," the force of the regular motormen would be reduced to almost nothing, and the cars could be run for wages less than what is paid to the slaves of the coal mines.

A RELIGIOUS journal presents the following interesting reflections on the snow which has been such a feature the present winter:

"There is nothing on earth so unearthly as snow. The earth does not produce anything so fair and unsoiled. It comes to us from the skies, white and radiant and spotless as the upper world. The microscope tells of more than a thousand forms of snow-crystals; stars of every kind, crowns adorned with brilliant bridges supported by buttresses, temples with spires and gleaming pinnacles. As if each of the uncounted multitude would tell of the heaven from which it came. With what feathery gentleness and graceful curving it floats down upon the world. Upon the brown leaves and glossy evergreens, on fence and barn, and forest, and field, making draperies no earthly art can imitate, it covers all far and wide with its white mantle; freely, forgivingly, mercifully covering good and evil as with heaven's charity."

It is a fine accomplishment for young people to perceive something beautiful in what passes around us as the seasons come and go. The foregoing quotation is well worthy a place in the memory and gives the mind something very instructive to reflect upon when the snow is falling.

For the TIMES.

What a Pity!

A philosopher thought out a wise pre-
In a long ago good decade, [apt,
It was a small maxim, but well it kept—
"Money that's saved is made."

Now Uncle Sam, as he understands,
Had pursued this plan for years,
But he had two Congresses on his hands
And he finds himself in arrears

So he hies away to the New York State,
To hunt up a millionaire,
And he finds him going his golden gait,
And tackles him then and there.

He asks for a loan, to be returned,
At an interest bearing rate,
As soon as this Congress has adjourned
And he can recuperate.

His Congressmen his funds abuse—
And his gold reserves they raid—
They've spent the cash, and now refuse
To have more money made!

They block the game in affairs of state,
And he has to pay the cost!
Cleveland and Hill grow affectionate
A month after all is lost!

The old man pledges to pay the debt,
Sadly enough I wis,
"I had thought," he says in deep regret,
"I would never have come to this!"

Legal Indian History.

In glancing over a diary kept by the writer during his residence at the Warm Springs, 1857-60, the attention was arrested by an historical item, communicated by the late Squire William McClintic, of Jackson's River, Bath County, Va., and written while fresh in memory at the time. Mr. McClintic's memory was rather remarkable, and it will be always a source of regret that I did not improve the opportunities our pleasant acquaintance afforded to acquire more from his valuable fund of historical knowledge.

Joseph Mayse, the father of Hon. George Mayse, was captured by the Indians in June, 1764, and was rescued at Marlin's Bottom some three or four days thereafter. The Indians were moving slowly as they had only come about three miles the day before. They seem to have had no fear of pursuit, and were resting, and fishing, and hunting at Marlin's Bottom. The pursuers, one of whom was Jacob Warwick, learned from their scouts that the Indians, with their captives, were in camp at Marlin's Bottom. It was their intention to surprise them just at day-break. During the night it rained heavily, and the guns were so soaked as made fresh loading necessary. They quietly withdrew out of hearing to fire off their guns, as they had no bullet screws to draw the balls with.

Before they could return daylight had come, and the Indians were on the move. They were in the act of separating into two parties, one considerably larger than the other. The larger party seemed on the point of moving up the east bank of the Greenbrier towards Stoney Creek, and the other faced as if they were going to retrace their course up Knapp's Creek, for what purpose is only a matter of conjecture. It seems, too, they had separated the prisoners. The smaller and nearer party had in charge the boy Joseph Mayse, a man named McClanahan, and an unknown woman with an infant in her arms.

The whites saw that this party would soon come upon their trail just made a few hours before, and if so, would kill the prisoners and make their escape. By rushing forward and firing at the Indians as they ran, they hoped to surprise this party, and while panic-stricken, leave the prisoners unharmed, and flee for their lives. In this they were sadly disappointed. The woman was wounded, the child dashed to death, several blows were aimed at McClanahan, the boy Mayse was on a horse that took fright and ran off towards the Island Ford, and threw him off, hurting him badly. He was insensible when found by the rescuers, and restored to consciousness.

The child's grave may yet be traced near where the road crosses the Marlin Run, and is to be remembered as, perhaps, the first white child buried west of the Alleghenies.

The large party escaped having Mrs. Mayse and others as prisoners. These prisoners were restored at Fort Pitt when Colonel Buckley led an expedition from north-west Virginia.

Messrs. Bolar, McClung, and Warwick were with this expedition. Bolar and McClung attempted to reach the Indian towns beyond Pittsburg, without the consent of their officer. They wanted to see how the Indians looked in their own homes.

As they came near they found some Indian women at work near a stream of water. They made signs of peace to the squaws, but they fled toward the village making a fearful outcry. The men were met by an Indian who told them to go right back or they would all be killed. Without any doubt, the squaws had raised such an excitement in the place.

About Panthers.

The panther has been the terror of the mountains of the Eastern United States. The animal was the only one really feared by the hunter. Its sneaking disposition knows how to take advantage of men, and refuses to meet him in fair open fight. The more timid even yet always have an apprehensive feeling that one is following them when they travel through the woods at night. The panther has almost disappeared, though one is occasionally seen or heard. It has a desperate scream, or what is more blood curdling, a rasping snarl when prowling around the camp-fire of the hunters. There is a wide division as to the belief that the panther fears a camp-fire. Some hunters saying that a fire however small is a perfect safeguard, and others who aver that a panther lay and watched them all night within three feet of the fire, built before the open door way of their shanty. All agree that the panther is practically fearless of men at night.

Panthers hunt deer with the greatest sagacity. A deer freshly killed by a panther was found and appropriated by a hunter on Elk this winter. Another hunter was in danger from one lately on Elk. He was tracking a deer in the snow. A friend crossed the track and found that a large panther was tracking them both. He followed on the trail which seemed apt to become a path, and found that the panther had trailed him a long distance.

A great many years ago two Cogers' of Webster, were hunting, and killed a large panther in Gansley Mountain. They proceeded to skin it, though one of them felt a strange fear, and insisted on leaving it. As this seemed foolish, he put it aside, and commenced work. He could not help glancing around uneasily from time to time. At last he thought he saw something peculiar about a fallen tree trunk not more than fifty feet away. He could plainly see the top of another panther's head over the top of it. He could not be convinced of this however, until it raised its head to look over, which it would do and duck down again. They both gathered up their guns and retired a little way. They concealed themselves and covered the place the panther lay with their guns. Presently the animal raised its head again, and seeing that the hunters had disappeared slowly brought its shoulders and breast into view. The men fired simultaneously, and the panther ran off. It was getting too near night to be caught out, and the men went to their somewhat distant camp. Returning the next day, they found the panther that they had been skinning, lying untouched, and the mate about one hundred yards from it, with two rifle balls in its breast.

As an example of the panther's leaping powers the following is probably true. A long time ago, two brothers named Hammond were hunting in this same Gansley country. They were following the trail of a deer. Presently, they saw where a panther had come on the trail, and was following it. They tramped along in this order until a point where the panther had left the deer's trail. Rightly judging as the tracks were so fresh that the panther was then making a detour to pull down the deer, the hunters silently took the spoor of the panther. Noisily they followed on in soft snow, until the trail ended. For a long time they peered around in vain to find what had become of the trail. Finally they looked below them, for it was on a hillside, and they saw the deer lying freshly killed. By actual measurement, the panther had sprung off a log, down the hill, a distance of thirty-three paces, and caught the deer. The panther had evidently seen the hunters for he had slunk into a laurel patch without touching the carcass to feed. The hunters stole the deer, and left very hastily.